THESE UNITED STATES, BY LANCELOT HOGBEN

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"
By Ernest Hemingway
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

"THE OX-BOW INCIDENT"
By Walter Van Tilburg Clark
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
The Heroic Age of American Enterprise"
By Allan Nevins
Reviewed by Norman Cousins

"PAL JOEY"
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"BORN IN PARADISE"
By Armine von Tempski
Reviewed by Hassoldt Davis

"WITH WINGS AS EAGLES"
By William Rose Benét
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"SUICIDE OF A DEMOCRACY"
By Heinz Pol
and
"I SAW FRANCE FALL"
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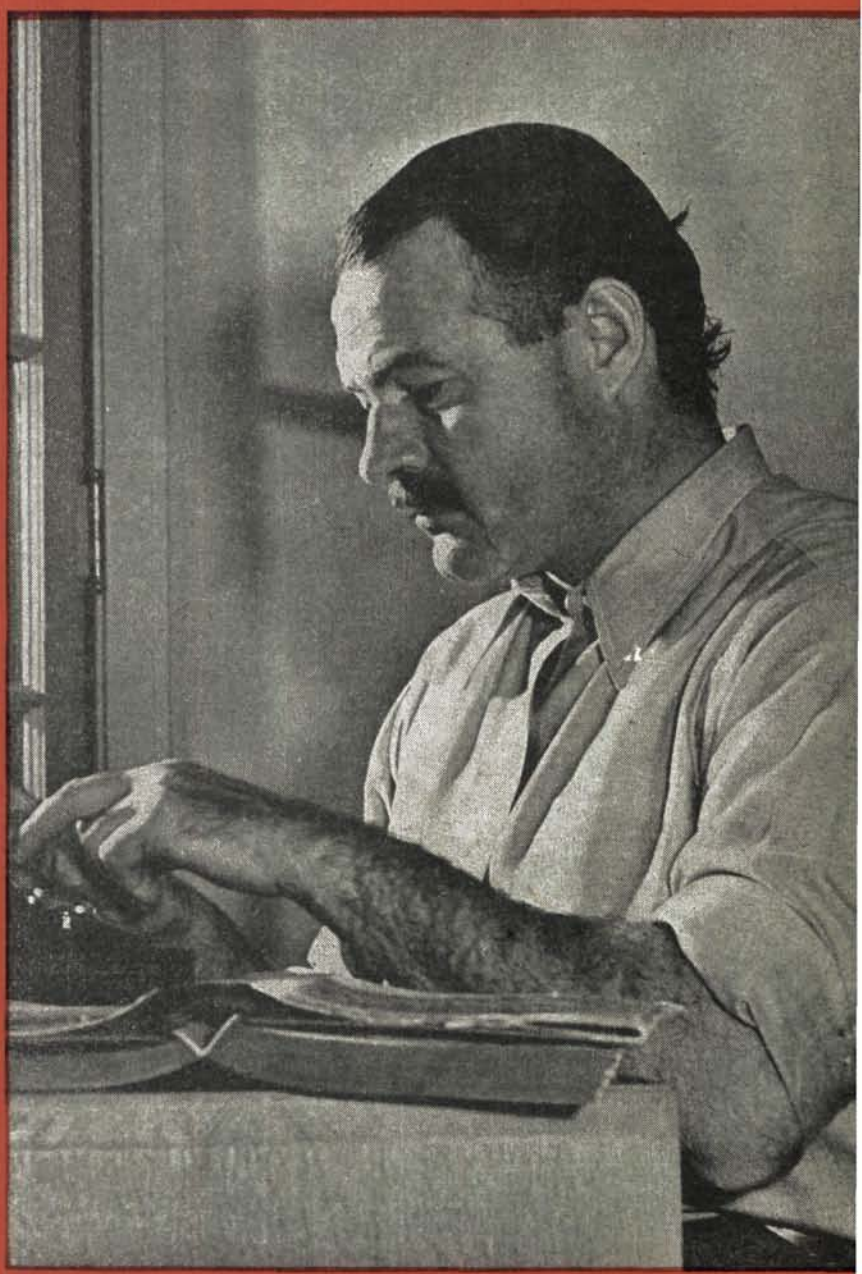

ERNEST HEMINGWAY disappears, and in his place is the sorrowful majesty of a cause in which he believed . . . the cause of Humanity. . . . *(See page 5)*

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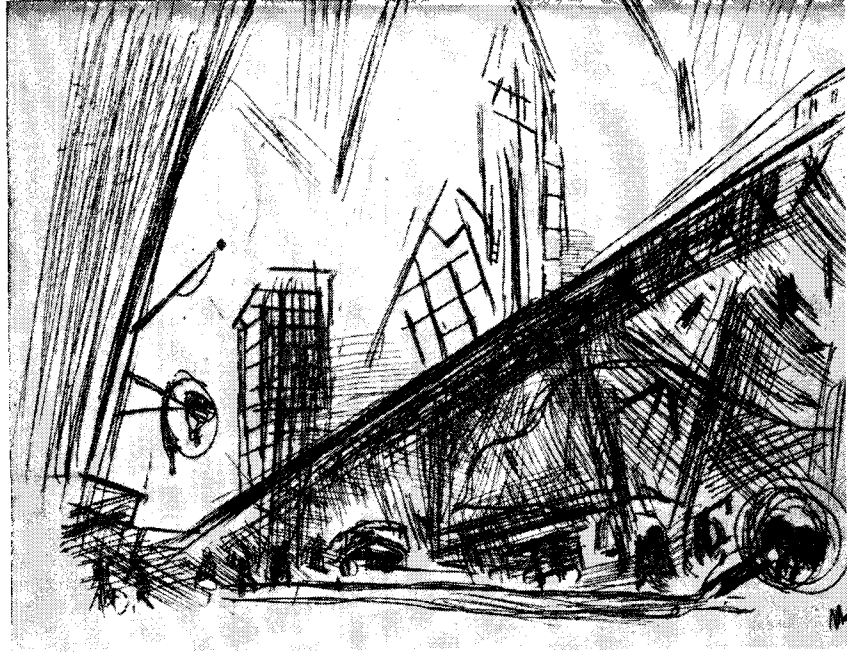
The Saturday Review of Literature

These United States

LANCELOT HOGBEN



"Downtown New York," by John Marin (from "A Treasury of American Prints")

IF I were a good businessman and had decided to write about these United States, my course would be clear. I should take a leaf out of Margaret Halsey's book "With Malice Towards Some." I should persuade my wife to take a job in a Baptist woman's college in an inaccessible part of Tennessee, accompany her to tea parties often enough to work myself up into a frenzy of saleable spitefulness about American culture so defined, and market the produce as a best seller among Cheltenham or Chichester ladies who derive their latest impressions of America from the pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit." Though I will not pretend that I need money so little that I shall send back my royalty check for my publisher to forward to any deserving charity at his own discretion, I find, like St. Paul, another law warring in my members, so that though I might do evil, good will is present in me. Besides, I have written other books. When a press representative who interviewed me upon my arrival in this country asked me what Britain wants to know about America, I resisted the temptation of telling him that we were all wanting to hear what Dorothy Parker says about Dorothy Thompson. Another asked me, "What do you think about America now that you are here?" I said, "I should prefer to put that in writing." Now I am doing so on the train between New York and Ontario after three weeks during which I have been able to renew many old friendships with teachers in universities, and to make new contacts with writers whose books I have read. I find that my answer can be boiled down to a platitude. The New World really is the new world. In a sense which would not be true of any European country, America is Protestant. Its culture has few ties with the institutions and mental habits which Europe has inherited from its authoritarian and Catholic past, and the consequences of that are redolent with hope for the immediate future of liberal civilization in our own time.

It was the fate of Erasmus to live in an age when legitimate cerebration was circumscribed by two conflicting ideologies, as the thought of contemporary Europe is circumscribed by classical laissez faire, dialectical Marxism, and the Nordic cult. So any liberal with a Protestant bias left on the other side of the Atlantic must experience some of the mental loneliness of the first great liberal and—except in a strictly formal sense of the term—the first great Protestant. Like the conflicting ideologies of the time of Erasmus, the official ideologies of our own time are bastard offspring of irreconcilable cultures. On the male side each claims descent from the naturalistic movement of the nineteenth century, and each has been suckled in medieval humanism. Each appeals to the authority of natural science with due reverence to its paternity, and each betrays its female parentage by partiality for disputation combined with complacent lack of curiosity. If virile distrust of mere logic, unquenchable thirst for new information, and constant readiness to re-examine self-evident principles in the light of new data are the birthmarks of the scientific outlook, European culture is today, as ever, loyal to its maternal teaching. What is most hopeful about America is that these States have produced a crop of writers at once accessible to what is new and fruitful in the intellectual milieu of the Old World and immune to the doctrinaire temper fostered by the scholastic tradition.

The Beards, Alfred Bingham, Thurman Arnold, Stuart Chase, Lewis Mumford are but a few among many contemporary American authors who are exploring contemporary agencies which are shaping the contemporary world, while European scholars continue to build skyscrapers of flawless logic on a floating foundation of mid-nineteenth century science. Perhaps this is not surprising. As Roger Burlingame puts it, "The United States was a new thing when it was devised." Two books in this year's list illustrate this refreshing and indigenous empiricism. One is John Chamberlain's "The American Stakes." The other is Burlingame's "Engines of Democracy," which deals with the impact of scientific inventions on the social life of this country.

SINCE the history of American inventions begins after the events of 1848 had written finis to an era in European history, Burlingame's narrative starts at the level where Marxist interpretation ceased to be a living hypothesis and petrified as a creed. For the same reason it deals with topics which no author could handle, if he shared with the pundits of the London School of Economics a contempt for natural science commensurate with their educational disabilities. What emerges from Burlingame's treatment is not a compact scholastic hypothesis in which all the facts irradiate from a single sooty focus. The outcome is a swiftly changing view of social conditions produced by the interplay of a multitude of minor devices which are separate like the glass pieces of a kaleidoscope. Readers indoctrinated with the saga which tells how the introduction of the rotary engine into cotton factories and coal mines encouraged the English drift of population into proletarianized milling and mining communities breathe the conditioned air of a new world. Centrifugal

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movements of people are made possible by mass production of barbed wire. Centripetal migration to built-up centers of conspicuous expenditure are favored by the use of elevators. Diffusion of topical knowledge and standards of taste through the instrumentality of the linotype machine, the bioscope, and the radio recasts the landless, letterless proletariat which Europe dumped into the melting pot in a mold of which neither Marx nor any orthodox disciple of Marx had any prescience.

If Burlingame's book illustrates the essential strength of America's virile contemporary culture, it also illustrates one of its weaknesses. Empirical common sense incubates in material prosperity, which also encourages the disposition to leave well enough alone, and the disposition to leave well enough alone too often goes with a refusal to face unsavory realities till it is too late for empirical common sense to come to the rescue. Thus, many of Mr. Burlingame's readers may well regret that a writer who sees the national background of contemporary American civilization in such clear outline refrains from committing himself to any clear-cut remedies for social maladjustments arising out of the rise and fall of industries. Burlingame's viewpoint summed up in the last two paragraphs of his book is:

> Many American conflicts which seem distressing are fundamentally healthful. Such, for instance, is the conflict between the individual and the collective concepts. A victory for one or the other would be hurtful. Such is the conflict between industrial dictatorship and political democracy. An armistice between these two might result in what in the 1930's was called fascism; the victory of one or the other might spell slavery or famine. While the balance is even the nation is sound.

This may be true or false, but it is not sufficiently definite to be very true or very false; and since Mr. Burlingame has chosen a political title for his book it is pardonable to expect that he will have something as definite and interesting to say about democracy as about engines. To draw legitimate conclusions of a more explicit character than those cited in the foregoing passage, it would be necessary to consult other sources of information for further details about the way in which the status of the individual inventor is changing and has changed in recent years. Perhaps we might then find that in these days of collectively organized research the rugged individual who comes on and off stage through Burlingame's narrative is almost as much an historical fossil as the compact, class-conscious, letterless, and landless proletariat of Karl Marx. If so, the social initiative to invention in "mature America" is an essentially new problem which is not sufficiently illuminated by undue preoccupation with a heroic past, albeit a heroic past beginning with the second half of the nineteenth century; and a sound balance between "industrial dictatorship" and "political democracy" may involve adjustments which deprive either term of its customary meaning.

This problem of adjustment is the theme of John Chamberlain's book which appeared about the same time. The least common denominator of what is miscalled political science in Europe is that the world of today has to make a clean choice between the Servile State forecast by Belloc and implemented by Hitler, an economy of untrammeled competition which has never existed on this planet, and a monolithic communism which has miraculously outgrown the patent shortcomings of the Soviet system. Having made this initial assumption, the job of the political theorist is to bluff his way through a soliloquy upon the esthetic disabilities of living in a world in which no compromise is possible; and the intellectually sterilizing effect of doing so is well illustrated by Laski's oscillation between humane common sense and Calvinistic gloom. The substance of Chamberlain's book is that this assumption which has undermined European confidence in the force of rational persuasion is false or at best gratuitous. The political pattern is the result of the interplay of many *pressure groups,* and many different circumstances conspire to prevent any one of them from pressing its claims to the complete exclusion of the claims of all others. Consequently, there are many positions of relatively stable equilibrium based on the interplay of force and negotiable guaranties. As long as it is possible to preserve this state of affairs, a society is sufficiently flexible "to adapt itself to pressure."

What is attractive about this point of view is that if it is true it removes the bogey of precedent from the doorway to rational discussions of the claims for immediate social adjustments. It is possible to discuss the empirical merits of a proposal explicitly without being convinced that it is a necessary step to a remote and pre-ordained goal or without assuming that a wholehearted acceptance of a particular goal is necessary, and requisite to, salvation. Whether it is possible to arrest the retreat from reason, therefore, depends on whether there are rational grounds for believing that what Chamberlain calls the *limited racket,* as opposed to the communazi *strict rack-*

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The Soul of Spain

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS. By Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 471 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I THINK "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is as great an advance over "A Farewell to Arms" as "A Farewell to Arms" was better than "The Sun Also Rises." "The Sun Also Rises" was a striking book, but it was also something of a stunt. "A Farewell to Arms" was a moving book, but it was also sentimental. "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is not a stunt and is not merely sentimental. It is on the contrary, the finest and richest novel which Mr. Hemingway has written, it is one of the finest and richest novels of the year, and it is probably one of the finest and richest novels of the last decade. Gone now are the brittle surface, the clever concision of the early books. Gone is the self-conscious "little Hemingway" of "Death in the Afternoon." Gone is the Hemingway manner. Manner has been replaced by style, and the mere author has died out in the artist. Hemingway disappears, and in his place is the sorrowful majesty of a cause in which he believed and which did not triumph, at least superficially. But it is only superficially that this lost cause is to be identified with the Spanish Republic. More deeply, the cause is *not* lost, because (and I am not trying to be magniloquent), it is the cause of Humanity itself—that vague and splendid cause in which the nineteenth century liberal believed with a faith that we have almost lost, and which inspired some of the best pages of Victor Hugo and Charles Dickens and Dostoievski and Tolstoy. "For Whom the Bell Tolls" may seem to certain readers a tragic story because the war on the Republican side is so badly conducted that the hero is killed in futilely blowing up a bridge. But both the paradox and the force of the novel lie in the profounder truth that the death of the hero is, however pathetic, merely pathetic, and that the tragic issue, the cosmic issue, is not the death of Robert Jordan but the future of Humanity.

The plot will be compared with that of "Farewell to Arms." Again caught up in another military blunder, another hero meets a woman who swiftly and gladly gives herself to him and who has to suffer the physical discomforts of sex. Again there is a background of confusion and cruelty, a wrecked nation, stupid military power loose in the land like a blinded bull, and the wastage of human life in a black current of nihilism. Unlike the earlier couple, to be sure, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" the hero dies and the woman survives. Mr. Hemingway has been chary of inventing a new general framework for his tale.

But the comparison is merely mechanical. Hemingway looked at the retreat from Caporetto from the outside as a pitying spectator; he participates in the wreck of Spain as one of the combatants. Italian life and scenery furnished an interesting and picturesque backdrop for a pathetic love story in "Farewell to Arms." A pathetic love story in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," on the contrary, furnishes opportunity for an imaginative transcript of Spanish life so moving, so full and rich, so just and sympathetic, and yet so objective, that I can think of nothing quite comparable in the whole range of English fiction.

To be sure, this life is limited to Spain in war and to a particular sector of that struggle. Robert Jordan, an American teacher of Spanish, having joined the Republican forces, is sent as a dynamiter to blow up a bridge behind the fascist lines. He is instructed to make contact for that purpose with a small guerilla band in the mountains. The whole book is bounded in the little lapse of time between Roberto's arrival and his death three or four days later. He has been in Madrid, and in his reminiscences we learn something about municipal life in Spain. Hemingway occasionally interpolates the story of somebody else on the Republican side—usually I wish he wouldn't. But in general it is the lives and experiences of this small group of guerilla fighters, men and women, caught in these few days between the upper and the nether millstones, which serve as the vehicle for his imaginative triumph. Through them I think Hemingway has done for the Spanish Civil War the sort of thing that Tolstoy did for the Napoleonic campaigns in "War and Peace." At the end of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," the reader has not lived in Spain, he has lived Spain.

It is sometimes the mark of an imaginative and moving novel that the hero should vanish into the book. David Copperfield, for example, to all intents and purposes thus disappears. In "Vanity Fair" the death of that half-hero, George Sedley, is merely trivial and incidental, though he dies at Waterloo; and yet "Vanity Fair" is *par excellence* the English novel of Waterloo. In such cases the book is so vital it swallows up the character. Something of that sort happens in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Roberto Jordan is neither a David Copperfield nor a George Sedley, but he is in the main merely another Hemingway young man. Though we follow his adventures and the play of his mind with interest, though it is a matter of breathless consequence that he shall destroy his bridge, he is mainly the vehicle which calls into being the life of Spain.

The heroine just escapes being merely another Hemingway heroine. She is named Maria. Dreadful things have happened to her, and they are movingly told; she is tenderly presented—a new Haidee for a relatively chaste and very republican Don Juan; and the love-making is beautiful and frank. But even Maria is little more than pathetic. Perhaps if she were not the technical heroine, she would escape into a fuller life. For, just as Amelia is dwarfed by Becky Sharp, so Maria is dwarfed by another woman. In the rich and Falstaffian figure of La Pilar, wife of Pablo, disillusioned chieftain of the guerillas, Hemingway has created a character like a mountain. Whether Pilar is cooking, studying human nature, instructing Maria in the facts of life, cursing with the fulness of a Shakespearian shrew, inspiriting her husband, aiding Roberto, or philosophizing, she moves like a Titaness. Grouped around her, the other members of the gang are presented

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Drawing by Luis Quintanilla, from "All the Brave."

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Magnificent Incident

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT. By Walter Van Tilburg Clark. New York: Random House. 1940. 309 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS first published book of Walter Van Tilburg Clark's—I do not call it a first novel for the reason briefly given below—is a sinewy, masculine tale that progressively tightens its grip on the reader's interest and emotions. Mr. Clark writes well, without flourishes, and with no studied or unconscious mannerisms, in a style that is noticeably innocent of echoes. To the possible objection that his narrator, Art Croft, does not always speak like a Western cowhand in the year 1885 (*e.g.*, "Davies was resisting something that had immediacy and a strong animal grip, with something remote and mistrusted"), Mr. Clark would doubtless reply that there were and are all kinds of cowhands; and the retort would have to be accepted as final.

The story begins when Art and his partner, Gil, ride into the small town of Bridger's Wells — in Nevada, one guesses — after a lonely winter and the strenuous work of the spring roundup. In search of fun and drink, they collide with little fun and much excitement. There has been rustling in the neighborhood, and the men of Bridger's Wells are touchy, while unvoiced suspicions pollute the air. Then comes news, brought by a breathless youngster, that cattle have been stolen from Drew's range, and Kinkaid been killed by the rustlers. Farnley, Kinkaid's buddy, is for organizing a lynching party on the instant: men reach for their guns and get into their saddles. But doubt and hesitation follow. Davies, the storekeeper, argues, valiantly but vainly for law and order; the preacher pleads ineffectually, as does the windbag of a judge. Still the men stall, and the horses mill about. Are they going to go, or aren't they? The arrival of Tetley, a former Confederate officer—commanding, sadistic, and supercilious — decides them. The crowd, its diverse members having been illegally sworn in as deputies in the absence of the sheriff, moves off. Beyond Bridger's Pass, in the little valley of Ox-Bow, they find their men —three of them: a frightened but decent young American, a shifty Mexican, and a pitiable old fellow whose wits are on the wane. The "trial" begins, and at its end, despite all protestations of innocence and Davies's continued efforts, "justice" is done, roughly and quickly. Then, almost immediately, the reader learns that what he has all along suspected to be true is true.

Mr. Clark has employed a tested narrative formula. To watch (even in fiction) men being subjected to torture and death, when one believes in their innocence, must always be deeply affecting. How many books dealing with Nazi Germany have so scored recently! But there is more here than bare formula. The author draws his characters knowingly and effectively: Tetley, the contemptuous martinet with the weakling son; Smith, the town drunk and buffoon; Mr Grier, who should have been a man but who would have been at home with the knitting-women beside the guillotine; Sparks, Negro of all work, once a preacher, possessed of native dignity and charity; Farnley ("When he's mad he can't think at all. He don't rile cool")—they, and others, are well done. No less well drawn are the mob's victims: young Martin reaches the reader's heart and rends it. It is Davies, perhaps, on whom most pains were spent, who is in the upshot the least successful figure.

There is skill, too, in the management of the story's movement. Suspense is maintained to a degree that tests our reading patience without quite exhausting it, and after that the tale flows into action. The climactic pages are admirably composed. Some critics may say that Mr. Clark did not know just when to stop, but that failing is at worst a fault that has noble precedents among even the best of the old Irish *filid* and other fine tale-tellers.

The tasks of defining the novel and defining the short story remain in the realm of unfinished business; but practised readers can at least recognize the things when they meet them. So it must be said that Mr. Clark's first book is not a novel, but a long short story. It is, as the title promises, only an "incident." But the literary possibilities of that incident have been thoroughly explored and powerfully realized.

Successful first novelist: Walter Van Tilburg Clark.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SHAKESPEARE'S OPENING LINES

How well do you know your Shakespeare? Quoted below are the opening lines of ten plays. Name the plays and tell who speaks the lines. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 16.

1. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
   It wearies me; you say it wearies you. . . .
2. When shall we three meet again
   In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
3. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
   Is this a holiday?
4. If music be the food of love, play on,
   Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
   The appetite may sicken and so die. . . .
5. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
   Draws on apace. . . .
6. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.
7. Now is the winter of our discontent
   Made glorious summer by this sun of York. . . .
8. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
   Find we a time for frighted peace to pant. . . .
9. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
   Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
   And then grace us in the disgrace of death. . . .
10. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
    Comets, importing change of time and states,
    Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky. . . .

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John D. and His Era

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER: The Heroic Age of American Enterprise. By Allan Nevins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 2 *volumes.* 1430 *pages, with index.* $7.50.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

THE favorable reception this biography is almost certain to be accorded may be a reflection of the national willingness to forgive or forget or both. If it had appeared a quarter of a century ago—or even fifteen years ago—it might have been called "inspired whitewashing" at worst, or "warmly sympathetic" at best. Standard Oil in those days stood about as high in public favor as the Kaiser, and anyone who said anything kindly about Mr. Rockefeller was thought to be in his pay or in his family. But 1940 has its own assortment of arch villains, and people have all they can do to spread their hates and dislikes over a wide current field of rogues without going back to history for more.

In a sense, then, time has collaborated with Mr. Nevins in this book. Both of them have produced a far more commendable figure than would have been thought possible only a few years back. Allan Nevins, in writing this amplitudinous two-volume life story of John D. Rockefeller, has, in effect, submitted for the consideration of posterity a vastly more eminent, more likeable, more scrupulous person than had been painted for us by the Tarbells and the Flynns. This is not to say that Mr. Nevins's paint is allwhite, anymore than the Tarbell's and the Flynn's is allblack. But he has found enough in his five-year study to soften the prominence of the dark colors, and to give greater play to the light; the resulting portrait, though interesting and even convincing in the main, still seems a little rough along the edges.

Mr. Nevins suggests, for example, that while "some of his methods were open to criticism, Rockefeller "*had* to *use* the weapons and implements of his time." (Italics ours.) There is no intimation that these weapons and implements had to be invented before they could be used, or that Mr. Rockefeller's ingenuity was turned toward the creation of devices as much as toward their use. Mr. Nevins thinks that any appraisal of Rockefeller's tactics should take into consideration the peculiar nature of the age in which he built his fortune—the "heroic age of American enterprise," as he subtitles his book. It was an age in which a certain "laxity" in business ethics seemed inevitable because of the rapid rate of the country's growth and the general free-for-all of a boom period. Whether this is a sufficiently extenuating circumstance to soften our attitude toward the introduction of reprehensible business practices, or the destruction of business rivals, is a point which the descendants of those business victims will be in an excellent position to judge. Similarly, the descendants of the Colorado coal-miners killed in 1914 when guardsmen fired into tents sheltering strikers's families might wonder at the elasticity in the word "laxity." In regard to this particular instance, Mr. Nevins points out that John D. Rockefeller owned only a part interest in the mine, although the manager of the mine, who was later replaced, is quoted as saying he had a "perfect understanding" with Mr. Rockefeller on labor policy.

Labor relations as an aspect of the history of Standard Oil receives comparatively little attention in this study, although there was an opportunity for Mr. Nevins, in discussing Rockefeller's theory that industrial organization of capital was the best and quickest way to make money, to point out that efforts by labor to adopt the same type of organization for its own problems was paradoxically rebuffed by Mr. Rockefeller as not in keeping with its own interest.

Concerning rebate contracts, which stirred so much public feeling before the turn of the century, Mr. Nevins concludes they were "deplorable," adding that the "massacre" of the independent refineries had "indefensible features." "To have been ultramoral," says Mr. Nevins, "would have invited catastrophe." Elsewhere Mr. Nevins says that whatever we may think of Rockefeller's vision, he was true to it.

In evaluating this biography, it must be borne in mind that Mr. Nevins had access to an infinite amount of material heretofore kept under cover. Members of the Rockefeller family cooperated with him in supplying research materials and other data pertinent to his study. Though this is not a family biography in any sense of the term, the Rockefeller family approached Mr. Nevins through Nicholas Murray Butler, president of the Columbia University, some years ago and offered to turn over to him the family papers if he would undertake the biography. Mr. Nevins was selected over a wide field of biographers because it was felt that he would be best able to write a definitive, objective account. The task confronting Mr. Nevins was perhaps one of the most difficult any American biographer has ever undertaken: he was asked to write the biography of a figure whose life-time embraced two-thirds the history of the United States, a figure whose activities ranged over an area so huge that just the chronological record would have filled dozens of library shelves, let alone two volumes. So that the finished biography represents an achievement in condensation and selection perhaps even greater than an achievement in construction.

For the magnificent detail going into this book, the skilled organization of material, the fascinating step-by-step development of Rockefeller's life story, the remarkable integration of the account of his life with the larger story of our own history—there can be only the highest praise. Mr. Nevins may or may not be a sympathetic biographer, but there is no question that the subject emerging from these pages is a sympathetic one. From the early history of the Rockefeller family in western New York in a town called, appropriately enough, Richford, through the days when Rockefeller enterprise reached its most torrential heights, to the death of John D. Rockefeller in 1937, the cumulative effect is strongly favorable. The central figure comes to life as a romantic but undramatic, enterprising but conservative, determined but retiring person who early in life said his burning ambition was for "achievement" and wealth. He inherited his enterprise and his ability to make contracts from his father, who, while shrewd in business dealings and a highly personable man, was responsible for most of the skeletons that have been rattling around in the family closets. William Avery Rockefeller was a medicine man—a "pitch" as he was called in those days—who would barnstorm the country on cancer-curing tours, dispensing quackery in large if not quali-

(*Continued on page* 19)

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THE WRITER'S OPPORTUNITY

IT IS inevitable, if anomalous, that the more spectacular world affairs become, the more circumscribed becomes the interest of the observer in the nations that are making history. All our attention, our most passionate fears, our eagerest hopes, are centered on the tragic drama that is daily unfolding; we have no inclination for study of the Europe that lies behind the battle front, for the civilization that once to Americans was more stirring, and not as now more terrible, than an army with banners, that in Germany lies sick to death in the camp of the dictators, in Italy is become a mockery in the mouthings of a Virginio Gayda, in France is submerged in the bitterness of Nazi conquest. That it should have come to this catastrophic eclipse is to turn to wryness that nostalgic longing which every travelled American carried in his heart for the Old World and to blot from the imagination of the untravelled the prospect on which his fancy had fed. Once it was said, every good American, when he died, went to Paris. Today there are thousands upon thousands who so long as Germany holds it would never again willingly put foot in that city, while as for London, none of us, alas, will ever see that capital as the past has known it. But for all the living generations of Americans, something has been torn from life with the rise of authoritarian Europe beyond buildings and cities, beyond even political institutions,—an image, a romantic vision which forever lay on the horizon of monotonous existence, the embodiment of man's achievements throughout the ages.

It is frequently said today—we have touched on it often in these columns—that the creative writer is one of the most general casualties of the war. Events have overwhelmed him and made paltry the problems and relationships which are the stuff of his art. Being by the token of his calling a man of specially sensitive perceptions, he is also particularly vulnerable to the maladjustments of his world. The calamities he is daily called on to read of have discouraged as well as sickened him. He feels himself at an impasse with his art. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that he has hitherto felt himself at an impasse with it. For as time goes on, one thing seems to be becoming clearer daily, and that is that the creative writer, by the very reason of his absorption in a world of sensitivity and psychological subtleties and underlying human relationships is dealing with the only universals which war cannot alter, and where understanding and compassion and good will still count as shaping forces. It is more constantly evident with each day that passes that what he has to give the world, his interpretation of things of the spirit, his portrayal of the human comedy, his attempt to effect a reconciliation with life, are of infinite need in fortifying society against the encompassing horror.

Men in the mass have made a shambles of humanity; man the individual is still a creature of reason and patience and good intention, tragic, to be sure, in his lapses, but capable of rising to the heights. It is with the individual that the creative writer deals, and through him that he becomes the common agent of humanity. For the individual in every land is essentially the same, warped from the right though he may be by circumstance and suffering, led astray by vicious leadership, overwhelmed by defeat and despair. If ever, when war is over, and some day it must be over, the world is to come to better things, it will be because society arrives at a realization of the fact that the welfare of each of its members is the welfare of all of its members. And now while the war is still on, the creative writer can help that realization by taking up his pen again to depict men in their universal reactions to problems and situations. Let him denounce as he will the theories and policies, acts and personalities which all right-minded men abhor—and he will not be worth his salt if he does not—so long as he depicts the individual everywhere as he is. And if he does, that dream of Europe which is lost to us today may reappear in the morrow of peace with some of its brightness undimmed. A. L.

Gentlemen, Be Abolished!

By Irwin Edman

The "Gentlemen" to be abolished:—
Dr. Alfred Rosenberg in The Voelkischer Beobachter

THE gentleman, when once we win
Shall be abolished, says Berlin.
The Reich could never tolerate
Morals or manners in the state.
Surely nothing could be clearer,
Kindness ill becomes a Fuehrer,
Courtesy cannot pass muster
Where honor goes to brutes who bluster.
Brave crude world where no soft arts
Can speak to men with gentle hearts.
A Nazi should do all he can
Not to be thought a gentleman.
He must, in an uncourtly way.
Bomb, strangle, burn, destroy, betray.

In old decaying Europe when
Men tried oft to be gentlemen,
It was considered decent, quite,
To be humane, at times polite;
Honest sons and loyal mothers
Thought—sometimes—of the rights of others.
In England, vilely democratic,
Men were so chivalro-erratic
They listened even to the views
Of laborites, cardinals and Jews.
Men printed what they had a mind to,
Found none too alien to be kind to.
All that is over now, thank Hitler;
We Nazis now are narrower, littler.
No human standards stain our banners;
And even less so truth or manners.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hurray for Fresh Air

SIR:—My warmest compliments to the *Saturday Review of Literature,* upon your editorial "Tom-Tom Idealism," signed by H.S.C. and published Oct. 5, 1940. Dr. Canby's cool and brave words—I take it they are his—had the effect of opening a window and letting in lots of fresh air. The descriptive term "Tom-Tom" is extremely accurate for the whole group of columnists, playwrights, poets, and librarians who seem lately to have been making the same sound altogether.

The Tom-Tom Boys, Nicholas Murray Butler, Archibald MacLeish, Walter Lippmann, and Dorothy Thompson—Tom-Boy for her?—want us to defend democracy by becoming more nearly like the fanatical Enemy. They warn us in effect, that our thinking has been wrong, and therefore we should stop thinking. Perhaps their names will be engraved upon rolls of honor, in the future. I feel that words such as those of Dr. Canby, uttered at this time, will stand the erosion of weather and time much longer.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.
Gaylordsville, Conn.

A New "Moby Dick"?

SIR:—Mr. Bennett Cerf wishes authors to be more docile to the editing and rewriting of their books by publishers. This practice, so much more prevalent in America than in England, has or should have limits. A publisher may legitimately advise his author that a passage is (a) obscene, (b) libellous, (c) ungrammatical, (d) contrary to fact. Beyond those, everything in a book is a matter of opinion and esthetic taste, which obviously vary with the individual and may be argued about indefinitely.

While a publisher is fully justified in pointing out what seem to him faults in a book, and an author is glad to profit by the experience, the last word must surely remain with the author. It is a dangerous state of affairs when the impresario claims the right to direct and censor the artist. And some American publishers (unlike their English colleagues) are so very cocksure, so certain they know exactly what should be done to improve a book, that I am left wondering why they bother to have authors at all. It would be simpler and achieve far superior results if the omniscient publishers would write their own books.

SOURPUSS.
New York City.

No Road from Moscow

SIR:—I have no objection to John Chamberlain speculating about the implications of Marxian revolutionary theory as they are applied to American development, but why must he assume that such was the scheme of my book "The Triumph of American Capitalism?" [*S.R.L.,* Oct. 12.] The whole tone of his review conveys the impression that I have engaged in such a polemical exercise. I have had a sudden change of heart; I have recently taken "the road from Moscow"; and now I am whooping it up for democracy. So Mr. Chamberlain about [*sic,* copy] me. And Mr. Chamberlain makes the core of his review a so-called conversation I had with him a number of years ago when I was purported to have pledged my allegiance to the "Marxian dialectic."

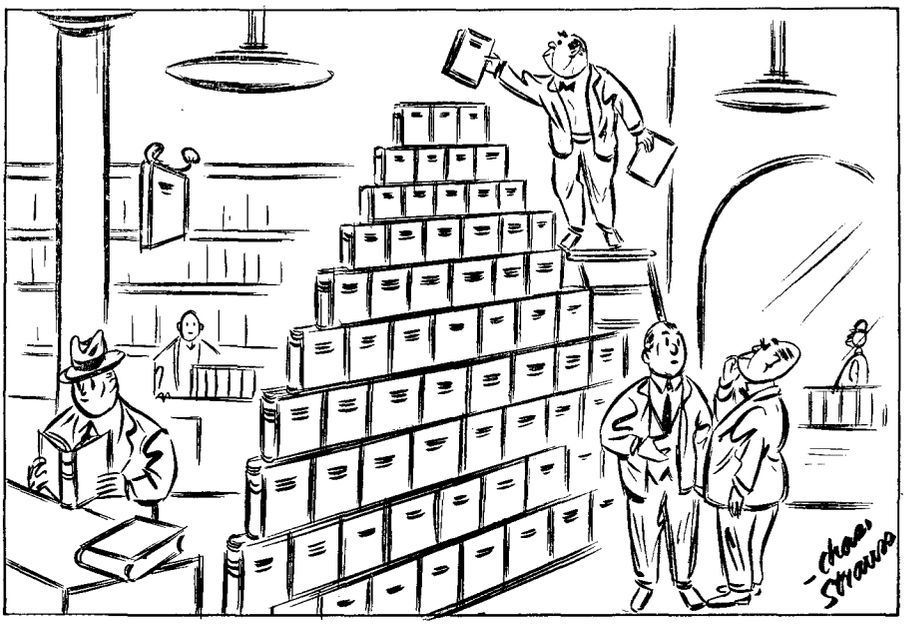
In the first place, my book is an interpretative study of the economic and political forces, some derivative some unique, that have shaped American development in its formative years. I stopped at the year 1900. My book is not a polemic nor a pamphlet nor an argument for or against orthodox or revisionist Marxism. Indeed, it has nothing to do with Marxism in any form. It is an historical essay in which I have utilized my own original research and the research of American and foreign scholars. By scholars it has been received seriously as such. Suddenly Mr. Chamberlain discovers a miraculous conversion of some sort.

Here are some of the facts. A part of my book appeared as early as September, 1935 in the *Columbia University Quarterly;* other parts were published as essay-reviews in *The Nation* and *The New Republic* in 1937 and 1938; the introductory chapter was printed in *The Independent Journal of Columbia University* in April, 1939. The entire book was handed in to my publisher on August, 1939. So much for the time schedule.

As to my once addiction to the "dialectic," all I can say is that Mr. Chamberlain's memory fails him. I would rather—and it is a good policy for reviewers generally—he had stuck to the printed record. I have never used the word in any of my writings; and as for the "dialectic" as a logical method of historical analysis, I have always considered it just plain silly again and again, there are internal evidences in my book of my rejection of the device.

Finally, never having traveled the road to Moscow—never having been associated with any communist group or sect in any form (indeed, I have always been known as an enemy of the communists)—how could I now be returning from Moscow? I consider the review and its title unfortunate—for me and for Mr. Chamberlain.

LOUIS M. HACKER.
Columbia University.



"I'm afraid we're going to have trouble breaking him of his grocery-store background."

SIR:—I am sorry that Mr. Hacker didn't like my review of his book, for I meant it as praise. Moreover, I praised it for the very quality that damned part of it in the eyes of a Marxist reviewer in *The New Republic.* As for the title of the review, "The Marxist Road from Moscow," it could be construed as misleading. Mention of the word "Moscow" connotes Stalinism. Needless to say, Mr. Hacker has never had any truck with Stalinism. As for my speculating about the import of Mr. Hacker's book, why shouldn't I? Reviewers who do not speculate are a curse to the profession.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Editor's Note: We are glad to absolve Mr. Chamberlain from any responsibility for the title, which was our own.

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The Country's Roots

SINGING VALLEYS: The Story of Corn. By Dorothy Giles. New York: Random House. 1940. 361 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

HERE is a history worth having and keeping. Formal historians and agricultural specialists may not find it strictly factual; but certain legends and practices which endure in a land and a people may prove in the end more nearly true than census tabulations, and more important.

When I first took history in high school, thirty years ago, it was all about laws and wars. Geologists such as Shaler of Harvard and Chamberlin of the University of Chicago had prepared the way even then for a new sort of history book; but their works were neither widely read nor greatly honored. Their approach to the present estate of a land and people was by way of enduring realities quite as real as war, and operating under laws more nearly eternal than any dictator, king, or congress can decree. A land, to them, was the product of many thousands of years of weathering in a given climate or climates, an ageless and miraculous transformation of barren rock into soil, soil into crops, and crops into people.

In other words Shaler and Chamberlin wrote history from the ground up. So, with a more popular sweep, did Paul Sears in his "Deserts on the March," and "This Is Our World." And now, with the same basic understanding that a land is what it grows and its people are what they eat, Dorothy Giles has done this popular history of America in terms of its leading native food-crop, Indian corn.

The opening chapters go back, naturally, to Indian sources—to "the story of a civilization which was cornfed from its very beginnings." The calendar, the religion, and the social structure of the ancient Mayas were "evolved by the corn planters to serve them in the maize fields." And so it was later, in large measure, with the Aztecs, rearing palaces and temples in Mexico, until at length, the stout Cortes was borne in a royal palanquin "over the causeway and into the city whose fall he plotted—borne under the waving green banners of the corn."

In Virginia, and northward to New England, Indians taught white men to plant corn when the leaves of the white oak were the size of a squirrel's ear; and always to plant, as from time immemorial, four grains to the hill. These eastern tidewater Indians fertilized their corn with fish and clamshells; and they generally practised "clean cultivation," a practice which did not prevail, it seems, in Mexico. Under clean culture, the squaws with clamshell hoes, kept the rows and spaces between the corn plants free of weeds. The white settlers adopted this practice; and carried it with the frontier westward, first with hoes made from the shoulder-blades of deer, then with iron hoes, and then with great steel implements.

Clean culture gets more plant food into the corn plant by reducing weed competition, but it also may have another effect which I do not think the author realizes or expresses. Clean culture, with constant inter-tillage, leaves the soil bare, loosened, undefended against accelerated soil erosion throughout the stormiest months in our land of violent climate. George Washington saw this. He ordered both corn and tobacco (another inter-tilled "gift" of the Indians) off his farms. Henry A. Wallace of Iowa loves and reveres good cornland almost as deeply as Dorothy Giles does; yet he was moved by the spectacle of recent soil waste to write in 1940, as follows: "It would sometimes seem that tobacco, corn, and cotton, all plants that we took from the Indians . . . have taken a rather horrible revenge on us, under our clean-culture, straight-line methods of tillage." And when, in a middle chapter, Dorothy Giles blames lumbermen ripping off timber at the head of the great valley for all the washouts in the cornfields of the midland, she is, I am bound to say, talking partial nonsense.

But this may be passed over as a technical detail, and one possibly open to argument, in a book of such rooted virility, eloquence, and charm. It is a book, moreover, which relates, and brings into a living relationship, fundamental facts and legends about our land and people that will interest everyone.

Study for mural by Francis Robert White for Cedar Rapids, Iowa, courthouse.

Author, Author!

Back in the 'Twenties Glenway Wescott was considered one of the most promising young American novelists, with "The Apple of the Eye," and the popular "The Grandmothers." Then for over ten years he published no fiction. Now he has a new novel, "The Pilgrim Hawk," coming out in November. In the long interim between works of fiction he wrote incessantly, but was dissatisfied with what he produced. "I did not feel," he says, "that I had less talent than before; only that I had no idea how to narrate, or I had too many ideas at once. . . . Again and again I came to the conclusion that fiction was not for me." Mr. Wescott tried other forms of writing, but was still unsatisfied. Just before beginning the new novel he felt that at last he saw "how and why and what was what. I have seen plenty of the world; I have a great many stories to tell. If this simple story is as good as I hope, it will be a fresh start. . . . "

★ ★

Aben Kandel had to wait four years to see his novel, "City of Conquest," made into a movie. The book was published in 1936, sold to a movie company which subsequently sold it to Warner Brothers for a nice profit. It has just been released with Cagney and Sheridan in the star parts. In the meantime, Mr. Kandel has been slaving in Hollywood. He came to New York on October 1st for the opening of "City of Conquest" and was guest, following a private showing of the film, at a party given by his new publishers who have just issued a movie edition. . . .

★ ★

Gertrude Stein, safe in France, has written her publishers, Random House, that "Ida," her first novel in thirty-five years, is about the Duchess of Windsor. The information flabbergasted Bennett Cerf, who had read the entire manuscript without an inkling of its connection with the former Mrs. Simpson.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

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The Cash-and-no-Credit Business

EDITH M. STERN

NEAR the end of the 18th century, a distinguished soldier-statesman had something important to say to the American people. But, like many men of action, he lacked the writer's specialized skill of selecting and arranging words. He sketched out an outline and some rough notes and asked a friend to transform them into a finished speech. The general idea and thoughts of the speech were those of the man who delivered it; the magnificent wording was all Alexander Hamilton's. That speech has never been forgotten. It is Washington's Farewell Address, unquestionably the most important ghost-written document in all American history.

If Washington was a sinner for passing off another's literary composition as his own, so is every business man who signs a letter worded by his secretary; every college president who puts his name to reports actually prepared by members of his faculty; even many authors, whose articles, or books as published, have been virtually rewritten by editors. The Athenian citizens engaged one Lysias to write speeches adapted to their characters and stations so that they could convincingly present their claims. Demosthenes prepared orations for the leading politicians of his day. In Rome, Julius Caesar employed a pair of ghosts named Oppius and Hirtius to write the "Commentaries"; Seneca, in Nero's time, authored his sovereign's orations. Napoleon's ghost was always with him—even on his campaigns, just as ghosts today accompany contemporary politicians on theirs.

But for all this, it has only been in the last few years that the word "ghostwriter" has become commonplace among newspaper readers, and ghostwriting an established, recognized service business. For the first time, in 1940, the occupation of "Ghostwriter" was represented on the reports of the census takers. Today the heading "Ghostwriters," appears in the classified telephone directories of at least three cities: New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; and a cross reference from Ghostwriters to Writers in at least two others, Chicago and San Francisco.

Well-established ghosts haunt no back rooms, but occupy offices in first class buildings, generally in or near publishing centers. Their advertisements generally read, "Any topic, any purpose, any length—We write it, YOU sign it" and "We write speeches and papers on all subjects and for all occasions," and appear in reputable newspapers.

No one ghost, of course, is as versatile as these sweeping claims might indicate. Every good ghostwriting agency has on call from 100 to 300 "Specialists" who prefer cash to credit. Dentists, doctors, lawyers, engineers—almost every profession is represented by members who have a talent for putting over one little word after another. The staff of one ghost bureau includes a colonel in the United States Army, an astrologer, a television expert, and an authority on tariffs. Filed under "Babies," in another, is the name of a young medical student who, blushing, when he applied for astral listing, said his choice was his specialty. Names of fairly-well known writers appear, too; sometimes being a ghost for a "big name" can be more profitable than remaining flesh and blood. In addition to the ghosts on call, usually two or three regular staff writers are on hand most of the time.

Ordering a ghostwritten piece, is like ordering a suit from your tailor or designing your own house with an architect. First you say what you want. It may be as vague an order as "A patriotic speech" or as specific as "A paper on the method of teaching grammar to ninth-grade pupils in the Connecticut schools." Perhaps, like the aviation expert who discovered only two days before he was to address an important trade group that his subject was not to be airplanes, but South American relations, about which he knew nothing, you'll need the ghost to supply matter as well as form. On the other hand, you may have a completed manuscript embodying five years of research; no one knows as much as you about your subject, but you may need a ghost to translate your academic verbiage into a book for general reading.

"He has a perfect set-up. He employs a ghost-writer and uses a pen-name."

Because of the range in assignments, most ghosts, sensibly and fairly enough, won't commit themselves to any standard rate. You may have to pay as little as a cent and a half, or as much as eight cents. The usual rate for research is a dollar an hour. Though there are no money-back-if-you-are-not-satisfied-provisos, the ghosts agree to keep ghosting until you are.

Ghostwriting is no sinecure. Besides sharing the head-breaking drudgery of selection, elimination, arrangement, and rearrangement common to all writing, the satisfactory ghost must cultivate the special spectral ability of remaining invisible. He must have a chameleon like style. The ghostee must be made to speak or write as he would speak or write if he had the time—and the ability—to speak or write unaided. Harding's florid, ponderous utterances; Coolidge's abrupt, tight-lipped statements, were products of the same ghost.

Ghostwriters prefer to meet their clients face to face, so that they can properly size up their manner and vocabulary. Putting a beautiful oration, rhythmical with polysyllables, into the hands of an immigrant farmer who's going to stumble over unfamiliar words; preparing a staccato, thumpingly masculine article to appear over the signature of a nostalgic, courtly old gentleman, is not good ghosting. Sometimes, however, with a bureau director acting as middle-man, or with orders coming in from as far away as Panama or Hawaii, personal contact is impossible, and ghostwriters try to interpret personalities by their letters. In finished scripts, skilled ghosts are as unapparent as the anonymous craftsmen who turn out automobiles under the names of their manufacturers.

By far the largest group served by

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the word-manipulating firms are business men, and many of the orders—one bureau says more than half—are for speeches. Ghostly fingers tap typewriter keys for small town merchants addressing Kiwanis clubs, bank presidents pontificating at the Union League, tycoons receiving honorary degrees, and carpet manufacturers addressing fellow carpet manufacturers at conventions. Articles and books giving the life histories and authentic opinions of men whose forte is finance or engineering are written by men whose forte is using words to their maximum effect. One agency, headed by ghosts who have been practising engineers, editors of engineering journals, and contributors to both general and technical magazines, mentions, in its circular, among others for whom it has ghosted, the names of John J. Raskob, William C. Durant, and Eugene G. Grace. Even letters are often haunted. When someone wants to write a particularly telling application for a job; when the right kind of sales letter is a matter of business life or death; when an indignant voter, with more conviction than command of language, burns to express himself forcefully to the editor, they can call in skilled literary labor.

Statesmen and politicians invariably look to the ghostwriter, but they rarely use the free lance agencies. Both Republican and the Democratic National Committees have their regular staffs of ghosts. Congressmen employ "clerks" or "secretaries," who, by more than coincidence, are former newspaper or publicity men. Government departments have "Administrative Assistants," "Editorial Assistants," or "Directors of Information." Ghosts by any other name are just as necessary to directors of enterprises involving 130,000,000 people as to directors of corporations.

WHAT makes the exiled member of royalty, retired doctor, and baseball player patronize ghostwriters is that each has a unique story to tell but could no more tell it well than their ghosts could preside at a court function, perform in a ballet, cure tropical fever, or knock a home run. Publishers will tell you that the combination of the "author's" unique experiences and the ghost's skill in describing them makes best sellers. If, however, you feel that you have an interesting story to give to the world, don't rush for the nearest agency and expect to have it written on the chance that it might be published. Reputable ghostwriters shun work on contingency; a flat fee down, and a share of the potential royalties, is the usual arrangement on books.

Among professionals, busy doctors are, perhaps, the steadiest users of ghosts; they use them to prepare papers for scientific gatherings as well as for popular medical journals. Lawyers, schooled in the use of words, tend more to do their own writing. As for clergymen, if ghosts depended upon them they (the ghosts, of course) would starve; sermon delivery is an integral part of pastoral training. True, a ministerial writing wraith is listed in at least one agency file. He has been called upon only when it was necessary to inject a spiritual note into a composition, never to produce a sermon. Paradoxical among ghostees are professional writers. One ghost does a thriving business in magazine articles signed by authors famous for their novels and short stories. They find it more economical to use hired help than to take time and thought away from their more lucrative fiction writing.

Clubwomen who leave standing orders for monthly book reviews; the millionaire who makes a hobby of going about delivering speeches; the father requesting a two-minute talk to give at his daughter's wedding, and those aunts who frequently order a song in honor of their nephews are the kind of clients known as "vanity trade." It is exceptional and sporadic, not the backbone of the business. Most people pay only for some definite, utilitarian purpose.

Indicative of the real need ghostwriting fills is the fact that ghostwriting agencies prosper even though it lacks the advantage of satisfied client's recommendations to their friends. If you've been ghosted, no matter how well, you're unlikely to tell your friends about "that clever writer who made my speech a hit."

Ghosts can sin as well as err. Sometimes ghostwriting furthers fraud. Most of us recoil against the spooky manufacture of masters' theses and doctors' dissertations. We don't relish the idea of anyone's giving blanket permission to issue statements under his name, nor of pretending to be a scholar when he hasn't gone through school. According to George Bernard Shaw, "Whether the publication of articles over the signature of Smith when they have been written by Jones is a legitimate proceeding, depends on whether Jones has rightly interpreted Smith. If the object is only to pass off Smith as a skilled writer when he is in fact an inarticulate duffer, then the proceeding is a fraud."

Most important ghostwriting, however, is as legitimate as Raphael's using his apprentices to do the actual painting on the murals he planned and supervised and to which he gave his name. How President Roosevelt's speeches are written, for instance, is an open secret. Several people do the research and prepare drafts. The President goes over the manuscripts, eliminates, adds, or rephrases, until the speeches are his own. Ghostwritten speeches often are written from the ghostee's outlines, notes, or rough dictation. Unless one believes that an A in English composition is a prerequisite for holding office, the ghostly preparation of documents seems a sensible labor saving device. If the principal becomes genuinely informed on his subject, if he makes clear his genuine intentions, the virtuosity of a paper may be shadowy, but it isn't shady.

LET a ghostwriter abandon his role as a kind of super-amanuensis and scintillate beyond the capacities of his employer, and both of them will be found out. "No ghostwriter," says General Hugh S. Johnson, "ever permanently made a political silk purse out of an oratorical sow's ear."

Many of the pious proclamations against the use of ghosts come from people who would rather do a hard day's work than write a letter, yet who firmly believe that "anyone can write if he puts his mind to it." The more you realize that ghosting, in the sense of organization of fluent, telling, words, sentences, and paragraphs, is to writing in the sense of chirography as expert accounting is to the multiplication table, the more you appreciate the social utility of the astral penmen. By finding out what a person really wants to say, through extractive and interpretative skill, and then by saying it for him well, a ghost helps the public reach its leaders and understand them as well as helps his ghostees reach their audiences.

Using a ghostwriter doesn't mean that you're incapable of organizing your thoughts. It may mean that you haven't the hours to give to working out just what words to place where, or it may mean that you have the good sense to recognize that a specialist in word placing is equipped to do the job better than you. "The bigger they are," a ghostwriter told me, "the readier they are to use ghosts." Men already distinguished in their particular fields are not looking for literary laurels, but for a medium of expression. Professional ghostwriting, at its best, supplies it.

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Once There Was a France . . .

SUICIDE OF A DEMOCRACY. By Heinz Pol. Translated by Heinz and Ruth Norden. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

I SAW FRANCE FALL. By René de Chambrun. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1940. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

JUST as everything acquires meaning only as it is perceived by the individual, so history acquires deeper significance only through the reflection of the temperament through which it is filtered into our consciousness. And since temperaments differ and there are scarcely two observers who see with the same eyes, every account, be it of the fall of Carthage or the France of 1940, will present various perspectives and facets today and forever.

One can hardly conceive of two more different temperaments than those of Heinz Pol and René de Chambrun. One is a liberal German newspaperman whom Hitler deprived of his citizenship as early as 1933. From then until very recently he lived in Paris where he observed the connections between the internal and external politics of the Third Republic with a lively and attentive eye. The other is a French aristocrat, a direct descendant of Lafayette, his mother an American, and his father-in-law that same Laval who is directing France's fate from Vichy today and in whom—we were recently told—the French people have no faith. The one is a refugee without a country, the other an officer who had a choice position even in war time as liaison officer with the B.E.F., and who talked on terms of equality to Lord Gort, Marshal Pétain, President Lebrun, and King George.

Is it any wonder that these two books which both try to answer the question as to why France lost the war are entirely dissimilar? The aristocrat chats colorfully about his experiences. He was in underground passages of the Maginot Line; he, with thousands of others fled Arras before the German onslaught, he was sent to Washington by General Weygand, returned to find everything already lost and went back to America again. According to him Daladier prepared the army for defeat during his term as Minister of War from 1936 to 1940. The Front Populaire was the executioner of the Republic. And "those who in France talked about the moral or physical strength of Germany were labelled as Fascists." He ends the book, "In years to come before the eyes of America, perhaps a shade too sceptical today, my country will rise again." It is not hard to guess what France the author means.

André Simon, in "J'accuse," had charged that many of France's military and political leaders were traitors. André Maurois in "Tragedy in France," on the other hand, had stressed the fact that communist workers had sabotaged the industrial mobilization of the country, and that actual traitors were not at all numerous. Heinz Pol gives us something quite different: the story of that Fifth Column which according to him was prosecuted much too late possibly out of weakness, by the men of the Front Populaire.

Living portraits of the French fascists and their German friends parade before us. Here are the Cagoulards, here is Colonel de la Roque, Marcel Déat, Jacques Doriot, Gaston Bergery and Maurras, and Georges Bonnet whom the author accuses of having betrayed France again and again. "Democracy had been undermined and was sick unto death."

Pol is excellently informed on the common attack of its gravediggers on the democracy of the Third Republic whose last remnant has rallied around General de Gaulle. He tells innumerable stories concerning the special position of the German agents in Paris and their relations to French politicians. A portrait of Otto Abetz who worked for Hitler in Paris for years is particularly rewarding and colorful. He writes warmly but without rancor of that France which shuts people like himself into concentration camps. Even though Pol may tell you much that you have already read in books and newspapers, or heard from friends who have made similar observations, you lay down this book with consternation. It was worse than we cared to think. The betrayal of France as it is given here impresses you (you are almost ashamed to admit) as a gripping crime story.

Hansel Mieth
René de Chambrun takes the aristocrat's perspective.

"SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE"

ANDRÉ MALRAUX is a prisoner of the Nazis, according to word received by a friend of his in the United States . . . André Gide is in the unoccupied zone of France, according to a roundabout and none too recent report . . . No definite news yet about Roger Martin du Gard, author of "Les Thibaults," but his compatriots in this country suppose that he is in Nice . . . Jean Giono, to the best of his publisher's knowledge, is living a normal life in his native Manosque . . . Louis Aragon, author of "Residential Quarters," whose new novel "Le temps de l'Impériale" is on the Spring list of his American publisher, fought in Flanders, was evacuated at Dunkerque, returned to France, and fought on the Somme and Loire. He received the Croix de Guerre. He is now in the unoccupied zone of France.

★ ★

Adolf Hofmeister, an outstanding Czech writer and cartoonist, escaped from France, got to Morocco, crossed the desert, and finally arrived by rowboat at Lisbon where he is waiting for an American emergency visa . . . Another outstanding Czech writer, Frantisek Langer, whose plays were translated into almost all European languages, fought with the Czechoslovakian legion in France and was evacuated to England . . . Three Italian writers are in the camp of the "Indésirables" in Le Vernet. They are Luigi Longo, Teresa Noce Longo and Mario Montagnana . . . Friedrich Wolf, author of "Professor Mamlock," "The Sailors of Cattaro," and other plays, is in the concentration camp of Le Vernet. He has finished a new play entitled "Beaumarchais or the Birth of Figaro." . . . Josef Witlin, one of the most important Polish novelists, author of "The Salt of the Earth," is in the unoccupied zone of France, according to a letter received by friends . . . Another Polish writer of distinction, K. Wierszynski, vice president of the P. E. N. of Warsaw, escaped to Portugal, according to word received by Jules Romains . . . Still another Polish writer, Juljan Tuwim, considered to be the best among the modern poets of Poland, is on his way to Brazil.

★ ★

Casualties: Rudolf Olden, author of "Hitler, Agent of Power," was among those lost when a refugee-ship sunk on its way to Canada from England . . . Ernst Weiss, one of the 20 exiled for whom the Pan American Dinner was given, committed suicide.

F. C. WEISKOPF.

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A Ranch in Hawaii

BORN IN PARADISE. By Armine von Tempski. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 342 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

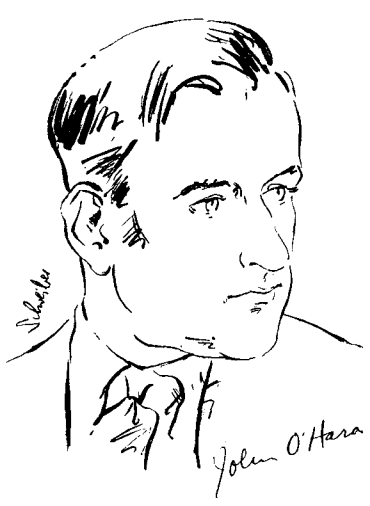
THIS is a very picnic of a book, in spite of the emotional bad weather in it, this partial autobiography of a girl born in the Hawaiian Islands. Her grandfather, a political exile, left Poland at the age of eighteen and with his guitar and archaeologist's hammer globe-trotted across Central America and the South Seas. Her father, hard-working and hard-playing, had assumed the management of a Hawaiian cattle ranch when Armine was born, and introduced her to the life appropriately when she was only a month old by galloping to the hills with her on the ranch's wildest horse. From that day her life was spent in the vital air of the islands, helping the men—particularly her own old cowboy, Makalii—with the chores of the 60,000 acre ranch, following the herds to the precipitous pastures of the volcano that shadowed them, sharing in the celebrations of the natives along the beach and the lusty white men who raced horses, gambled, climbed the mountains after relics.

Living so close to the various peoples who have made Hawaii their home, she prayed as a child without partiality to Christ, Buddha, the Polynesian gods, and the Portuguese saints. She was as acutely sensitive as her dark playmates to the savor of the land, the smell of live stock and hot lava, of rain in the dusk and tidal waves bursting, the taste of European liquors and soft native brews. With them she chased wild bulls along the mountainside, played tag on horseback with lassoos, and climbed into craters to discover strange altars and tombs. Her mother, perhaps, could not be blamed for being neurotic, or for guarding her other children like hot-house plants until they sickened and nearly died. Upon her own death Armine and her father successfully treated the youngsters as they would any young animals, as the natives treated their sturdy young.

Despite these virile and pagan activities, the story of Armine von Tempski makes a very feminine book, to be enjoyed by any woman who finds walls encumbering. It is for the most part the love story of a girl and her father, told with reconstructed dialogue which rings true. Incidental is a fine collection of dramatic anecdotes, tales of death charms, fights, volcanic eruptions, humorous episodes among the natives of that great ranch on the mountain called The House of the Sun. The writing, however, is often lush, and is only for those who can read tranquilly that "something lawless and passionate, savage and strong, kin to the forces imprisoned in the earth, stirred inside me . . . " But even those allergic to adjectives will find the story itself worth while.

Armine von Tempski writes a very feminine book.

Hassoldt Davis has just returned from Nepal, where he was associated with the Denis-Roosevelt. Asiatic Exposition. He is the author of "Save Me the Sun" and the forthcoming "Land of the Eye."



John O'Hara receives a letter from Reviewer Rothman.

Dear Pal John

PAL JOEY. By John O'Hara. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 195 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

PAL JOHN: Well pal I have to sit down and write you a line or two about those letters from Pal Joey which use to run in that smart aleck slick paper mag *The New Yorker*. I guess it never give you much trouble writing them kind of letters, all about that loud mouth heel Joey with his cracked swing band and his radio spot and his jobs in late rooms and them sweet little mice he run into here and there, its just a matter of getting around like you do and hearing all that dizzy lingo the customers use when they're sizzled to a fancy pink and its late and the groan-boxes are yammering something called The Waiter with the Water. I dunno, just when I got to liking it on account of it wasn't soft and fancy and full of gab like that stuff by that there, now, what's this fellow, Farrell?, stuff like that, when I got to feeling like I was remembering something. You know how it is, you meet a mouse and she gives you the smile and then you remember that one you looked at one night at a party, she had a smile like that but you never got to first base, but never mind that now, well, I walked into the bedroom and took out my classy gladstone where I keep a couple books and there it was, the guy I remembered. I suppose you'll be sore, pal, if I bring this guy up now, but I couldn't help it, there he was in the bag, this Lardner, and he wrote them letters too only he called them "Some Like Them Cold," a stack of letters by another heel like your pal Joey. He was real good, this Lardner, a solid sender, only he wasn't as tough as you, he couldn't dish it out without cracking a smile, he kind of couldn't help feeling he was part of the human race and that even his heel was a part of the human race, you know, a guy, like one of us only he is forgetting it most all of the time. I guess even this Lardner never met any egg as boiled down to the yellow as your pal Joey because this Joey, now, he give me the shivers, he ain't human at all and then I got to feeling I wasn't reading about a man but about a kind of a Frankenstein, and then I didn't care. But you know me, John, I don't get around like you do and I just don't meet up with them real night people. If there is guys like this Joey then I dunno, I ain't seen nothing yet. Well like the feller says, live and learn. So long, pal.

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THESE UNITED STATES

(*Continued from page 4*)

et or fight-to-a-finish view of historical necessity, is correct.

In their eagerness to promote social change Marxists have always refrained from examining the local circumstances which oppose it, and their total neglect of the inertia of social tradition, including language, religious observance, and education, has undoubtedly made the job of race propaganda unnecessarily easy. If, as I believe, it is in the main true that material and social inventions occur only when new needs arising out of new climatic conditions or access to new sources of raw materials separately or jointly challenge pre-established customs, it is equally true that the pattern of pre-established habit contributes to the consequences of the impact. In other words, the historical circumstances which favor the strict racket or the limited racket include *inter alia,* the intellectual habits of a community.

One circumstance which favors the middle-way mentality of the Middle West is that education has no historical roots in the Middle Ages. Unlike university education in Sweden, higher education in America has not inherited the authoritarian temper of medieval Europe. To a large extent, it took its shape in response to the imperative claims of scientific technology in a milieu with no established tradition of classical humanism to override the claims of realistic studies of contemporary social problems. The research worker is not, as in Sweden, one of an isolated or privileged class. The proportion of adolescents who share the benefits or disadvantages of higher education is immensely greater in America than it is in Sweden, and linguistic isolation does not impose upon the school system the incubus of preoccupation with grammatical routine.

In another way circumstances which favor a fresh outlook on current affairs in Sweden and the United States are superficially comparable. That a hundred and thirty million people live in the United States and that it has one conurbation with a population which now exceeds that of the London area makes it easy for a European to forget that it is still a sparsely populated country with a pioneering tradition. The analogy with Sweden is at best superficial, because the Swedish population is nearly stagnant and climate does not favor migration into its vast and still empty spaces. America is neither faced with the imminent prospect of declining population nor as yet irremediably overcrowded. Consequently, it has not outgrown the tradition of dealing with new situations as soluble problems. People who have made good by going West expect the sort of college education which will help their children to solve the problems of life.

What is much more important is the fact that the people of the United States do not feel themselves at a dead end. There is still plenty of room for small-scale enterprise. If we use the term "capitalism" loosely for all forms of private enterprise from the one-man filling station to the joint stock company, it is still true to say that capitalism has immense reserves of vitality, and it is certainly false to say that the economy of private enterprise is moving steadily towards the state of monopoly production forecast by Upton Sinclair in his earlier writings. This means that if America continues to countenance recourse to bold expedients in the spirit of the New Deal, it can still *buy time* for testing a variety of ways of replacing production for profit by production for use.

Meanwhile, what makes America a fascinating and inspiring spectacle is that it is a laboratory in which it is possible to study the merits and limitations of spectacular exercises in state planning, coöperative marketing, purchasing and credit for agrarian development, or the highly mechanized domestic production of the Homestead Unit.

What most needs to be emphasized in this country is that we can progress in the way of reason only if we pursue it resolutely in a world where destruction is the penalty of complacent irresolution. The revival of witch-hunting among college professors or film stars will not rehabilitate confidence in America's resolve to handle its problems in its own way. On the part of those who do so, it is an admission that the constructive capacity of American democracy is not as immune to criticism as we should like to believe or to hope. Already there is an American youth problem which is pregnant with ill omen. With its vast army of unemployed adolescents unable to recognize ground for confidence in the values of the world to which their parents belonged, America is certainly not immune to the impact of forces which have destroyed individual freedom in Europe; and compelling teachers to sign manifestoes declaring their faith in the eternal validity of the Constitution will not immunize America against forces which defeat the promotion of social adjustment by peaceful persuasion.

These United States are succeeding in doing what Europe has never attempted to do. They are building an educational system which produces the maximum yield from the gifts of the average man or woman. Education with that end in view is the only guaranty for the survival of democracy.

Henry Seidel Canby* says:

"THIS is a dramatic and thought-provoking narrative by an English woman married to a Polish aristocrat and state functionary. The author and her husband are part of the flight to the east where the last stand is to be made. It is hard to exaggerate the vividness of her narrative. Every friend, every companion of the flight, is etched into the writing as if this were (and it often was) a last appearance on earth . . . a human document of a great tragedy likely to be numbered among literary reminders of the second World War."

MY NAME IS MILLION

(Anonymous)

$2.50

(*) *Book-of-Month Club News*

Macmillan

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WILLIAM O.
DOUGLAS

Democracy and Finance

A collection of public addresses and statements of Mr. Justice Douglas as Member and Chairman of the S.E.C., setting forth a philosophy which believes democracy can work. $3.00

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An account of the people and the city at the height of the Empire, by one of the world's outstanding archæologists. "Excellent reading." —RALPH THOMPSON, *N. Y. Times.* Illustrated. $4.00

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Return Again, Traveler

By NORMAN ROSTEN

This long, connected poem is the new volume in The Yale Series of Younger Poets edited by Stephen Vincent Benét. $2.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS,
New Haven, Conn.

Poetry and Tradition

WITH WINGS AS EAGLES. POEMS AND BALLADS OF THE AIR. By William Rose Benét. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. 148 *pp.* $2.

AGAINST THE COLD. By Witter Bynner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 125 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

EACH of these books represents a widely accepted tradition. Mr. Benét's is that of the romantic balladist, the chronicler of exploit and daring, one of that purely American line of which Joaquin Miller is the great type. Mr. Bynner's tradition, less popular, is turn-of-the-century Harvard, the art-poet, "Enamoured architect of airy rhyme," exquisite and withdrawn. For me, both books are unhappy problems: temperament and training keep me from assenting wholeheartedly to the first, although I respond to its honest *élan;* and my taste is too coarse for the second. Neither book seems to me important; but I prefer the ballads to the art-objects because the ballads are working, not merely existing.

Mr. Benét's poems celebrate the heroes of the air: Coste and Bellonte, Bleriot, Amelia Earhart, Lindbergh, Piccard, Glenn Curtiss, and many others. The diction is appropriately colloquial, the versification rough. Various stanzas are employed, the most successful being the one most proper to the way the author feels his theme—the rhymed ballad-quatrain. At its best, the manner is artlessly impressive—alive, tough, driving; at its worst, something close to doggerel. But even the best of these pieces are a kind of treason against their author. The reader cannot entirely forget (though the author has temporarily done so) the color and the melodic rightness which have always been the peculiar excellence of the work of William Rose Benét; and with that richness in mind, it is disheartening to read that

Beachie flew to Boston Light;
Arch Hoxsie was a fool for flight;

But Curtiss began, beyond all cavil,
America's aerial travel,

and so on. *Non sic itur ad astra.* For this reader, at least, "With Wings as Eagles" is a lapse in an otherwise true flight.

Mr. Bynner is at once more elegant and less substantial:

More wine, more wine and laughter, warmth again,
Till effigies are real and skulls are dressed
In beauty! If a wanton thing like wine
Can challenge death, shall a man's heart be distressed
By living?

Ficke, Hillyer, Auslander; Poetic Diction as the old Harvard Poetry Society used to understand it, when the Perfect Line and such words as "anodyne" were ends in themselves, and John Wheelwright, with his crabbed poems of the intellect, seemed only uncouth. Meleager had his Héliodora ("More wine, more wine and laughter . . . "), Horace his Lydia; but by the time poor Dowson was being "faithful to thee, Cynara!" in his fashion, the tradition had become as perfunctory as the fashion, and Mr. Bynner does nothing to revitalize it. One admires his felicities:

And since all petals by some crescent bruise
Foretell of younger roses fading too,

for instance, where "crescent" is both accurate and evocative; one recognizes the work of an accomplished technician. This said, all is said. "Against the Cold" is a polished prettiness: for all its talk of the heart, heartless; and stuffy in spite of its apostrophes of wind and laughter.

Woodcut by Mueller

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. *The Merchant of Venice.* Antonio.
2. *Macbeth.* The first witch.
3. *Julius Caesar.* Flavius.
4. *Twelfth Night.* Orsino.
5. *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Theseus.
6. *King Lear.* Earl of Kent.
7. *Richard III.* Richard, Duke of Gloster.
8. *Henry IV 1.* Henry.
9. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Ferdinand.
10. *Henry VI 1.* Duke of Bedford.

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Leisure Is So Arduous

THE REIGN OF BEAU BRUMMELL. By Willard Connelly. New York: The Greystone Press. 1940. 296 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

"WHO breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?" A moralist now and then, no doubt, though rarely as completely as Pope broke Lord Hervey; but it is more rewarding financially, and perhaps also esthetically, to write a witty, wistful, and only slightly patronizing biography of the butterfly. Several such have already been written about that peer of English gentlemen and dandies, the Etonian George Brummell, whose grandfather, the valet of Charles Monson, M. P., had been a very Jeeves among eighteenth-century gentleman's gentlemen. And indeed Brummell's life is no fit subject for a heavy pen, though the social historian may perhaps be permitted to find in it interesting material for a study of the arduous career of conspicuous leisure, as well as good evidence for the fact, so disconcerting to American prejudices, that being a gentleman in the England of the Regency was a career as open to talent as any other possible career. A valet's grandson would have a more difficult time being a gentleman in twentieth-century America.

Certainly Mr. Willard Connelly's is not the heavy pen of the social historian. He writes, with due indebtedness to Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf, the only sort of life of Brummell that seems permissible—anecdotal, allusive, light, sympathetic. The anecdotes he has checked as carefully as anecdotes about so legendary a figure can ever be checked, and although it would no doubt be unfair to weigh down description of his work with the epithet "scholarly," it must at least be recorded that he winnows out his facts thoroughly, that he sticks—better than Strachey did—to his biographer's last. This life of Brummell is not recommended to persons with a strong social conscience, a sense of the world's wrongs. It will only annoy, or perhaps infuriate, them at a time when there is very little to soothe them. Even the fact that Brummell came to a very bad, and very prolonged, end, dying in shocking premature senility early in his sixties after nearly thirty years of hand-to-mouth exile in France, will hardly console them. But for less morally sensitive persons, who retain even in these preoccupied days a taste for the *comédie humaine,* Mr. Connelly's task will afford a few pleasant hours of escape.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HUSH, GABRIEL *Veronica Parker Johns* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Medico house guest on Virgin Islands estate doubly slain. Hostess's older sister and local official finally fathom extremely odd affair.	Eye-opening dialog, lush Caribbean color, cleverly concealed killer, gobs of action, and wind-up with potent punch.	Prime and pungent!
THE CORPSE WITH THE LISTENING EAR *Laurence Dwight Smith* (Mystery House: $2.)	Surgical mallet and almost untraceable poison finish off two famous Manhattan medicos and nurse who cramped killer's style. Budding doctor detects.	Method of killer is ingenious and reason for inexplicable removal of public benefactors satisfactorily explained, but telling is pretty painful.	Run-of-mill
DEATH COMES TO TEA *Theodora DuBois* (Houghton, Mifflin: $2.)	Tea party blunder by refugee youngster has fatal results for lovely but dominating lassie. Jeff McNeill, M.D., scents clever homicide.	Shows how science, improperly applied, can commit crime that ties hands of law. Speedy, bright, and well documented.	Good grade
TRAPPED *Hammond Innes* (Putnam: $2.)	London drama critic on sea-coast holiday in early days of War surprises Nazi spy, and is carried to strange rendezvous.	Dramatically handled yarn of Hitler's U-boats operating from base beneath Britain, and how brave Cornishmen exterminated the lot.	Hair-raiser
IN THE FACE OF THE VERDICT *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Two British brothers meet death by drowning within week of each other, which causes Dr. Priestley et al. considerable work.	Ingenious murder-by-mirrors is high point of painstakingly-worked-out example of dogged-deduction-does-it type of mystery.	Fun—but fatiguing

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—*Boston Herald*

By
Margaret Armstrong
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Charlie-Chaplinade

AMERIKA. By Franz Kafka. Translated by Edwin Muir. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1940. 299 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

CHAPLIN'S films hadn't been produced when well before 1913 Kafka commenced work on "Amerika." Hence the wonder of the fact that this first of the Bohemian's long novels startlingly resembles the great comedian's movies. The common derivation of Chaplin and "Amerika" from Dickens and their refinements on him alone account for the similarity. . . . As in the succeeding, equally fragmentary components of Kafka's trilogy of novels, "The Trial" and "The Castle," the narrative here is made up of grotesque, macabre, at times horrible analogies and symbols that body forth the Infinite and the underlying Idea of all phenomena. Only, unlike that of the later works, this narrative is picaresque and farcical, the loosely-strung, slapstick story of the continual frustrations and vital miscarriages of a little inadequate hero. In its subtle pathos the undertone also is Chaplinesque.

A sensitive feeling characteristic of Kafka but distinctly that of his younger, relatively happier years projected itself in the story. Basically a believer but acutely a neurotic, he had met with the "metaphysical catastrophe" of the loss of all sense of partnership between God and Man. An obscure, indefinable wrong seemed to him at the root of life, rendering irrational the concept of justice. In pre-war years Kafka nonetheless felt this irony more comically than he later did. He still believed in the existence of natural and social forces balancing the original injustice, providing a prospect of eventual salvation on earth and opportunities for the removal of his personal complexes and immedicable sense of guilt. Playfully he expressed his dream of the gradual if inevitably checkered victory possible to the race, with a droll account of the human soul's adventures as an immigrant in a delightfully unrealistic "land of opportunity"; and symbolized with the figures of the benevolent hotel-manageress and the WPA-like project of the "Nature-Theatre in Oklahoma," the liberalism which strives to create a place for his green young "hero" in the world.

Possibly his "Chaplinade" is not as solid and stirring a performance as is "The Castle." The narrative technique is uncertain: some of the chapters are distinctly the inferiors of others and give color to the suspicion that Kafka actually had only one great book in him. The dream-like tale in the present edition has the further disadvantage of association with sometimes irrelevant, frequently disagreeable, illustrations by Emlen Etting. Yet "Amerika" remains wonderfully full of the fantasy, wit, and poetry unmistakably Kafka's own; nor for all its mannered Anglicism is Edwin Muir's translation unworthy of the original's characteristically crystalline, homely, perfect prose.

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UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS, *Chapel Hill, N.C.*

Americantown

THE CITY ON THE HILL. By Marian Sims. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Company. 1940. 357 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

THIS city is on a hill in North Carolina, but it is also among the hills of New England, and it is larger and magnified in Cook County and in what were once the mudflats of New Jersey. This is fast becoming the pattern of the typical American city, and Marian Sims strips it stark naked and stabs the sepsis in its anatomy with a sterile, razor-sharp probe. She knows lower courts intimately; the regulars and transients who come before them for justice, and she shows you that they sometimes get it because there are liberals on the bench.

Marian Sims is a superb reporter. These courtroom scenes were never devised in her imagination. They are too sharp for that. She was there. She saw them. Her characters are real, flesh and blood. She set herself a stiff assignment and turned in a swell job. Here are the causes of consumptive government, the alliance between city financier, the ministers' association, purblind moralists, and bootleggers (the state has a liquor problem), and she shows you what actuates and motivates them. Against this background she tells of the life and loves of a likable group of idealists and liberals; and there's nothing phoney about them.

It is a battle for the most part between father and son with innocent bystanders among family and friends taking it occasionally on the chin. Father is a reactionary—the kind of a reactionary you can understand, not a labeled dummy put there to play straight man to a stage antagonist. You can disagree with the financier-father, and still have some sympathy for his point of view. You may have met him after Bible class on a Sunday afternoon, and if for no other reason you admire him because the s.o.b. is consistent. There are Chandlers in every town.

There are two things that recommend this book. One is a good fiction story, and if it escapes the boys in Hollywood, they've missed a good bet. The other is the machinery of politics as it grinds against the courts. Steve Chandler, his sister Kate, and his pal, Dr. Alan Cummings, are something like the skeptics that educators have been condemning themselves for turning out during the last ten years, but Miss Sims seems to have them on the right track, battering down prejudice and intolerance, not with preachments, but with entertaining dialogue.

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THE SOUL OF SPAIN

(*Continued from page 5*)

with a minute and sympathetic fidelity, a simplicity and sympathy, an intuitive insight into the mental processes of "uncultivated" people that make them almost incredibly vivid. They dwarf the titular leads. The death of the old man at the bridge is, for example, much more pathetic than the love tale.

I have spoken of the style. In the descriptive and narrative portions Hemingway achieves a wider variety of effects than, I think, in any other story. But it is particularly in dialogue that the novel scores. The conversation is carried over almost literally from the Spanish, and it would appear that colloquial Spanish permits a combination of dignity, rhetorical precision, and wild poetry unattainable in a Germanic tongue. It is also rich in curses. Hemingway has solved the important problem of rendering the profanity and obscenity of the common people by using a device so simple and yet effective that I must leave it for the reader to discover. An immense part of the vitality of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" lies in the imaginative force of its dialogue.

Everybody knows what an occasional poem is, and everybody knows that very few occasional poems survive the event which called them into being. I wish we had in criticism the phrase, "occasional novel." I refer to those books which, produced by such an event as the Spanish Civil War, are impassioned and journalistic, and no more. Like occasional poetry, occasional fiction may often be impassioned, but the passion is not often shaped into enduring bronze. But somehow, sometime, somebody comes along and lifts the occasional novel out of contentiousness into the world of Humanity. Such a book is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There is a small library of fiction on Negro slavery—who reads it today? But who doesn't know the story of Little Eva and Uncle Tom? There were a hundred novels about Waterloo—and only "Vanity Fair" remains. Who doesn't know about Becky Sharp? I think it at least possible that "For Whom the Bell Tolls" may be the "Vanity Fair," the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Spanish War. If the guess should prove accurate, the book will last, in my judgment, because it rises out of partisanship into imaginative comprehensiveness.

For, although Hemingway like Roberto is enlisted on the side of the Republic, neither he nor his hero blink the truth that a good deal of the material on that side is pretty sorry stuff. He has not omitted the drunkenness, the disorder, the cruelty, the selfishness, the confusion. The hero dies because of stupidity and treachery on his own side. Interpolated into the main action, there is a long and dreadful narrative about the murder by Pablo and others of twenty fascists in a Spanish village which is among the scenes of fiction I would rather forget. And yet, at the end, Pilar and her companions join the immortals. Their ride up the mountain is like riding into Valhalla—a Valhalla inhabited by Jean Valjean and Uncle Tom and the hero of "Redemption" and the legend that is Abraham Lincoln. Mere reporting, mere realism, mere enlistment on the right side—we have had dozens of books that could show these excellences only. "For Whom the Bell Tolls" seems to me at least to spring from this great subterranean source of artistic energy.

JOHN D. AND HIS ERA

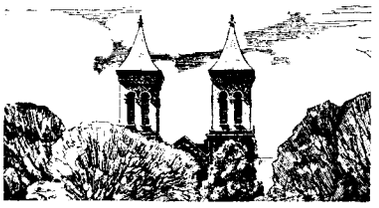
(*Continued from page 7*)

fied doses. Mr. Nevins, while stating the record for what it is, reminds us that medicine as a whole during those days fell far short of current standards, and the opprobrium attached to quackery then was hardly what it is today. But William Avery Rockefeller had other habits that caused his family great anguish; he would disappear for months or years at a time, leaving the family to work out its problems as best it could. From his mother, young John inherited his caution, his careful charity, his religious bent, his serious nature.

Mr. Nevins provides an illuminating account and discussion of the Rockefeller charities, giving proper credit to the greatest private philanthropy the world has ever known. The millions upon millions spent by and through the Rockefeller Foundation have saved the lives of countless thousands and prolonged the lives of thousands more. Whether this cleans the slate is something the reader can decide for himself.

Saint or sinner, John D. Rockefeller was one of the least known and most curious figures in our history. Jo Davidson, the sculptor, found an entirely different Rockefeller than he had known from the public prints. "Maybe you have strolled along the left bank of the Seine," Davidson said after making a bust of Rockefeller, "and picked up an ancient volume bound in dusty leather. You handle it. It belongs to another world. The s's look like f's; the spelling is strange. But you read on and you come to a phrase familiar, human, appealing, and it acts like an open sesame."

This was the John D. Rockefeller that Allan Nevins found.



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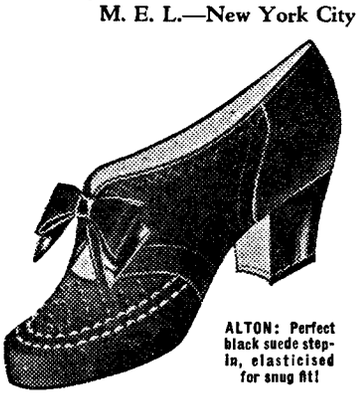

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THE NEW BOOKS

Biography

MAN OF SPAIN: A Biography of Francisco Suarez. By Joseph H. Fichter, S. J. Macmillan. 1940. 349 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Francisco Suarez, the Spanish Jesuit philosopher best known for his political controversy with James I of England, deserves to be remembered with Cervantes, almost his exact contemporary, as one of the most brilliant minds of sixteenth century Spain. He was, in a sense, the last of the great medieval schoolmen, and his lucid, vigorous logic is an essential link between the formulations of St. Thomas and the neo-Thomism which characterizes modern Catholic philosophy. He was also one of the first of modern political theorists, to whom Grotius, Pufendorf, and Hobbes owed an often unacknowledged debt. His work was central to the school of late sixteenth and early seventeenth century Spanish jurists who contributed so significantly to the nascent study of international law.

There has been no adequate biography of Suarez in English, and no really comprehensive analysis and estimate of his work; so there is a large place for a book about him. The present biography fills only a part of the gap. Pious and popular, rather than critical and scholarly, it gives an account of his life based on a thirty year old French biography which is probably quite adequate. Well behaved college professors, in favor with the powers that be, do not lead externally intricate or exciting lives even when they are not specifically vowed to poverty, chastity, and obedience. The excitement is inside their minds, and here this biography fails us. Its account of Suarez's thought is either superficial or evasive, it includes no bibliography to stimulate further reading, and several of the best things that have been written about Suarez are omitted from the sparse footnotes.

G. M.

Fiction

BRIGHT JOURNEY. By August Derleth. Scribners. 1940. 424 *pp.* $2.50.

August Derleth adds to his Sac Prairie Saga with this long novel of the early nineteenth century fur-traders in Wisconsin. The novel is in two main parts, the first section dealing with the boyhood of Hercules Dousman on Mackinac Island during the second war with Britain; the longer part with Dousman in Prairie du Chien, on the Wisconsin-Iowa border, first as an employee of the American Fur Company, years later as one of its directors.

A novel of the Northwest Territory covering the years 1812 to 1840 cannot escape being colorful and heady when the author is competent and well informed, and especially when the story is that of Hercules Dousman, who rose from obscurity to become the wealthiest man in the Territory. Dousman made his fortune without resorting to the sharp practices of John Jacob Astor, without swindling or victimizing either Indian or white man. His was indeed from the outside a bright journey, but not a very happy one; for aside from honesty and a vague humanitarianism he had insufficient inner resources to permit any deep and rich enjoyment of his wealth and power. Dousman is downright dull, often priggish, and fond of striking moral attitudes. His philosophy of success is of the mean and bread-and-butter variety.

Mr. Derleth's hero may be out of Henty, but the flesh-and-blood Indians bear little resemblance to Cooper's braves. Well done, too, are such minor characters as the rascally John Marsh, the notorious trouble-maker of the time, and the wastrel Rolette. The French heroine of the conventional love triangle is sufficiently credible for the purposes of the placid romance. Incidentally, one notes with some surprise that these French traders and voyageurs seem quite weaned away from religion and their Church.

With its stately, unhurried manner, the narrative barely escapes monotony, though its frequent beauties of description and the sensitiveness of the poet-novelist to the pageant of the seasons give considerable warmth and color to the book. R. A. C.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 343)

EDWARD EVERETT:
*ON LAFAYETTE**

Mr. Jefferson offered him the place of Governor of Louisiana . . . but he was unwilling by leaving France to take a step that would look like a final abandonment of the cause of constitutional liberty on the continent of Europe.

*(1834)

John Mason Brown

BROADWAY IN REVIEW

Mr. Brown's impressions of every kind of theatre from Bill Robinson to Maurice Evans are here imparted with the contagious enthusiasm that has made him one of America's foremost dramatic critics. $2.75
NORTON

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OUT OF THE FOG. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton-Century Co. 1940. 360 *pp.* $2.50.

Joseph C. Lincoln has proved in thirty-eight volumes that he can spin a good yarn. The thirty-ninth, "Out of the Fog," is a pretty good yarn too. It has all of the dry humor, the salty Cape Cod characters, the general readability which his readers now have a right to expect. For good measure "Out of the Fog" adds both mystery and romance.

Hit and run accidents during the summer have roused the indignation of the townsfolk of Wellmouth, Trumet, and Bayport so they hold a joint meeting to consider ways and means of making the roads safer. Driving home to Wellmouth from this meeting through a dense fog Selectman Mark Hanson and Myra Crusit, his secretary, are horrified to find the body of young George Crockett, son of Wellmouth's leading citizen, flung across a lonely lane, apparently by some hit-and-run driver. It's up to them, so everybody tells them, to track down the killer no matter what scandal may be revealed by the search.

Mark and Myra discover some queer goings-on—and it looks for a time as if Mark will lose his job as Selectman through his reluctance to disclose his findings before he is quite sure nobody in the community will suffer unnecessarily. But it all comes out right in the end.

What does give the book its interest is the background of Cape Cod scenes and characters and the personality of Myra revealed as she tells the tale.

G. G.

LIGHT OVER RUBY STREET. By Edward Harris Heth. Smith & Durrell. 1940. 294 *pp.* $2.

Richard Wright would probably not grant that the Negro characters in "Light over Ruby Street" are authentic representations of his people. Many other readers will find them more like minstrel folk than human beings, more nearly akin to the characters in Ronald Firbank's "Prancing Nigger" than to those in "Native Son." Readers who can accept the people of the novel at their face value, or rather at Mr. Heth's value, as simple human beings guided exclusively by their instincts, will find a readable story of a mother's ambitions for her daughter thwarted by the girl's desire for simple, elemental, and unaspiring love. Perhaps such people never existed but amid the gin and marihuana fumes that perfume the pages of "Light over Ruby Street" they seem compelling and real enough (save the hero whose "delicious brutality" fascinates Mr. Heth to the silly point), their feelings and actions by turn amusing and touching, their story, despite an over-hasty ending, interesting. It is interesting because, even granting the specialized quality of the background, the theme has a broad, general appeal: the main events of the novel might happen among any group of people.

E. A.

THE NEW REPUBLIC announces that

EDMUND WILSON

will be in charge of its Book Department this fall, as visiting critic, during the absence of The New Republic's *regular Literary Editor, Malcolm Cowley.*

The issue of October 28 will be a special Book Number. Many distinguished features are planned for coming weeks. Among them, to appear in the Book Number and other early issues, will be:

John Dos Passos

"Franklin and Defoe: Two Eighteenth Century Careers." A study in the splitting off of the American tradition from England.

Paul Rosenfeld

"Stefan George and the Nazis." An article on the political exploitation of one of the greatest of modern German poets.

Edmund Wilson

A series of three articles on a group of American novelists, including James M. Cain, Horace McCoy, John O'Hara, William Saroyan, John Steinbeck and Hans Otto Storm.

Reviews: Sidney Hook on Mortimer Adler; Mary McCarthy on the foreign correspondents; Richard Wright on Langston Hughes; Norbert Guterman on "Liaisons Dangereuses."

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

SCRIBNERS celebrated a double event lately when Alfred van Duym, expert fenestrologist or Window Regisseur, devoted its central window to the Fall Book Number of the *SRL* and books dealing with wine for Wine Tasting Week. Many of the other books displayed were those

reviewed in the Fall Number and the attractive wine shade of the *SRL* cover was temperamental with the layout. Incidentally, bookstores on their toes can write our own Louis Greenfield for alluring proposals. More than 200 of the better bookstores through the country are *SRL* depots. ☞In times when there is a good deal of loose talk about Democracy, we recommend (to a few) a reading of that remarkable book *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma* (by Henry Adams) in which you will find a definition of Intellect. Adams describes it thus:—"An ultimate, independent, self-producing, self-sustaining, incorruptible solvent of all earlier or lower energies, and incapable of degradation or dissolution." ☞Some day some lively magazine interested in large doing, *Time* maybe, will rediscover Henry Adams and make public his extraordinary essay "The Rule of Phase Applied to History." ☞Can any bookseller tell us where we can find a copy of Walter Leaf's volume about Troy? ☞Very stimulating reading is a dual symposium on *Literature and the Professors* in the *Kenyon Review* and the *Southern Review*, five essays in each Review. The prevailing suggestion is that professors of English literature in this generation are rather running to seed. ☞We got a specially good chuckle out of Wright Thomas's (University of Wisconsin) piece about a tripy sonnet he wrote for submission to graduate students; most of whom decided it was either Shakespeare or as good as. ☞Peter Greig, hardworking student of wine and food, would not believe our statement that there are two villages in Norfolk, England, called Great Snoring and Little Snoring. So he checked up with his friends the Gaymers of Attleboro, Norfolk, whose grand sparkling cider Peter Greig imports in quantity. ☞Messrs. Gaymer indeed confirmed our allusions. ☞We had stated that to be rector of Great and Little Snoring was our idea of a good life; now Mr. Greig tells us that the rectory of the twin parish dates from 1485; and even gives the name of the rector, which we do not print as we don't wish to cause embarrassment.

★ ★

☞The excellent Catholic weekly *The Commonweal* utters a justified squawk about the usual run of Christmas cards. This year it has had some of its own designed in collaboration with the quarterly *Liturgical Arts*. These, it says, are "no hackneyed commercial art, no watered pietism, and no nonsense about cute but meaningless scotties." ☞Non-subscribers to *The Commonweal* can buy the cards at 45 cents for a set of six small, $1.50 a set of six large. Full information from *The Commonweal* at 386 Fourth Avenue, N.Y.C. ☞One of the saddest lunches we ever had was with a couple of boys in the Christmas card business, trying to suggest some new ideas for that egregious traffic and finding it utterly impossible to put any notions in their heads.

★ ★

☞The Emergency Rescue Committee, 122 East 42, N.Y.C., whose efforts were able to get Franz Werfel and Heinrich Mann and others safely to this country, is appealing for funds to help continue this urgent service. Dr. Frank Kingdon, the chairman, says "We have accurate information about more than 50 men and women whose lives count greatly and are in present danger of seizure by the Gestapo. They are of all European nationalities and have one common denominator, they are enemies of Nazi-fascism. A gift of $350 will make possible the rescue of one more life. We will welcome any token of participation. It is a work of which every American can be proud." ☞We gather from the reviews that John Ford and Dudley Nichols have melded four of Eugene O'Neill's shorter plays into one moving picture, *The Long Voyage Home*, which should give strong pleasure to O'Neill admirers in the book trade. ☞It may be remembered that Dudley Nichols, the distinguished scenario writer, was once a wireless operator at sea and has long been a keen admirer of O'Neill's work. As long ago as 1928 he wrote a preface for a Modern Library reprint of some of O'Neill's plays.

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Double-Crostics: No. 344

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1-A	2-L	3-U	4-J	■	5-G	6-V	■	7-I	8-X
9-A	■	10-I	11-P	12-C	13-K	14-Z	15-E	16-W	17-F	■	18-A	19-H	20-J	21-T	22-O	23-I
24-Y	25-L	■	26-C	27-Y	28-F	29-B	30-W	31-Z	32-A	33-R	34-I	35-O	■	36-T	37-F	38-S
39-C	40-A	41-Y	42-E	■	43-K	44-D	■	45-N	46-G	■	47-O	48-V	■	49-F	50-E	51-I
■	52-G	53-Z	■	54-M	55-G	56-S	■	57-W	58-C	59-J	60-H	61-O	■	62-H	63-T	64-U
65-P	66-V	■	67-G	68-Z	69-N	■	70-H	71-O	72-W	73-I	74-J	■	75-F	76-P	77-X	■
78-P	79-S	80-M	■	81-W	82-S	83-Z	84-K	85-M	■	86-L	87-F	88-T	89-S	90-D	91-Y	■
92-Z	93-H	94-N	■	95-Y	96-C	97-R	98-Z	■	99-X	100-Z	101-D	■	102-F	103-Q	104-U	105-N
■	106-Z	107-U	108-X	109-R	■	110-X	111-E	112-H	113-I	114-Y	115-T	116-V	117-C	■	118-Q	119-N
120-Y	■	121-A	122-L	123-R	124-T	125-U	126-H	127-V	■	128-B	129-Z	130-G	131-J	■	132-Q	133-J
■	134-O	135-D	136-Z	■	137-A	138-X	139-K	140-U	141-R	142-J	■	143-G	144-B	145-K	146-F	147-U
148-S	■	149-S	150-M	■	151-W	152-M	153-Y	154-J	■	155-K	156-R	157-M	158-B	159-Y	160-N	■
161-X	162-O	■	163-Q	164-A	165-X	166-M	167-I	168-L	■	169-P	170-O	171-D	■	172-V	173-O	■
174-O	175-F	176-C	177-L	178-Q	■	179-H	180-F	181-C	182-T	183-W	184-Y	185-P	■	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Kept from action.
B. Mid-western State.
C. Depositing or coming to rest.
D. Italian painter (ca. 1480-1556).
E. Shakespearean villain.
F. Character in "U" below.
G. Henry Irving's part in "The Bells."
H. American Pulitzer-Prize novelist for 1937.
I. English novelist (1815-82).
J. Greek mt. ridge famed for honey.
K. Character in "As You Like It."
L. Builder of the greatest Pyramid.
M. Brigands (Greeks after Turkish Conquest).
N. District in which David hid from Saul.
O. Tousled (nonce-word; comp.)
P. Character in "The Tempest."
Q. River in Colorado.
R. Leader of the French Revolution.
S. Freckle.
T. Jesting.
U. Novel by Scott.
V. Objective world (opposed to the ego).
W. Designs, purposes (noun).
X. Snarled, barked.
Y. Not intended.
Z. Assyrian king, subject of Byron poem.

WORDS

A.	1	40	137	18	32	164	121	9		
B.	158	144	128	29						
C.	39	96	181	117	26	12	176	58		
D.	90	101	171	44	135					
E.	50	15	42	111						
F.	175	17	102	37	28	49	146	180	75	87
G.	143	5	130	55	52	67	46			
H.	179	62	93	70	19	112	126	60		
I.	51	113	23	34	167	7	10	73		
J.	131	142	20	133	4	74	59	154		
K.	13	155	43	139	145	84				
L.	177	2	168	122	86	25				
M.	157	80	85	166	152	54	150			
N.	105	119	160	94	69	45				
O.	22	71	173	134	35	47	170	174	162	61
P.	78	11	76	65	185	169				
Q.	178	118	132	163	103					
R.	123	156	97	141	33	109				
S.	38	89	82	56	79	149	148			
T.	36	21	88	63	115	182	124			
U.	125	104	3	140	147	64	107			
V.	116	48	6	66	127	172				
W.	72	16	81	183	30	151	57			
X.	110	165	77	99	161	138	108	8		
Y.	24	41	114	27	184	153	95	159	91	120
Z.	14	83	53	68	92	31	100	98	136	129	106

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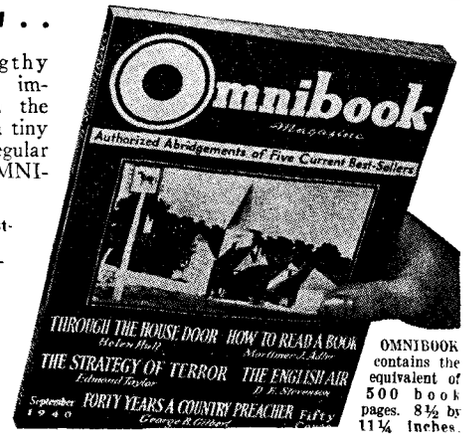

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